AMERICAN
MORAL & SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE

MARCH 26, 1798.

GOD's revenge againſt MURDER and ADULTERY.

M. DE Grand-Mont, a worthy French gentleman, nobly deſcended, and of a good eſtate, had his ſeat near Auxone, a ſtrong and ancient town, on the borders of Burgundy, and Franche Compté. His lady was the only daughter of a very honorable gentleman of Dole, a noble city in Franche-Comptè. Long did this happy pair enjoy all the pleaſures which earth could afford: for, as on one ſide, their poſſeſſions were daily augmenting, ſo on the other, they were bleſſed with three hopeful ſons, named Grand-Pre, Villeneuve, and Maſſeron, with two fair daughters, Hautefilia and Creſſie.

Grand-Pre, being martially diſpoſed, prevailed on his father to let him ſerve in the wars, under Maurice of Naſſau, afterwards Prince of Orange. Villeneuve, delighting in books, was ſent to Pont-au-Mouſſon, in order to complete his ſtudies; and Maſſeron was begged for a page by a Marſhall of France. Hautefelia only remained at home; her parents having preſented Creſſia, to a great Burgundian lady.

But

But within a year, Villeneuve, bathing in a river, was drowned; Masseron was killed in a duel, at Fontainbleau; Hautefelia died of a fever; on which their parents recalled home their remaining two children, to be comforts to their old age.

First came Cressie, whom we must hence forwards stile Mademoiselle Hautefelia, as now bearing the title of her late eldest sister, according to the custom of France. Soon afterwards arrived Grand-Pre from Holland, where, he left many honorable testimonies of his valour.

His father, apprehensive lest his martial disposition might induce him to seek wars abroad, as there was then none at home, proffers him the choice of many rich and beautiful damsels; but Grand Pre is deaf to all such propositions. To remedy this, the old gentleman resolves on quitting the country, in order to fix his residence at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, hoping that there, his son might cast his eyes on some whose charms would be capable of captivating his affection. The event answered his expectation.

On Sunday morning in Lent, as Grand-Pre was at the Royal Chapel, just opposite to his seat he spies a young lady, exceeding rich in apparel, yet infinitely more so in her beauteous person. At the very sight of her our gallant, not accustomed to such objects, could not restrain his heart from panting in his bosom.

After service, beckoning his page, and shewing her to him, he orders him to make enquiry of her name and habitation. The page soon returns and acquaints him, that the lady is Mademoiselle Mermanda, daughter of M. de Cressonville, first president of the parliament of Dijon.

Next

Next morning, taking with him two gentlemen his intimates, he repairs to Creſſonville's houſe, where, the Preſident himſelf being abroad, while his friends entertain the mother, (he under colour of other conference) courts the daughter, whom he now likes and loves better than before; as he finds the excellencies of her mind anſwerable to thoſe of her perſon.

Grand-Pre acquaints firſt his own father, and then her's with the ſituation of his affections.

Creſſonville is far from diſapproving the propoſal; but has alſo a ſon, and Grand-Mont a daughter, both as yet unprovided for, he is deſirous that this may be a double match. This ſoon takes effect, and the marriages between Monſieur Grand-Pre, and Mademoiſelle Mermanda; Monſieur Malleray, and Mademoiſelle Hautefelia, were ſolemnized at Dijon.

But Hautefelia is not ſatisfied with her ſituation, though all the world thought ſhe had little occaſion of diſſatisfaction. She envies Mermanda's, as not brooking to yield her the upper hand, knowing ſhe was by birth her inferior. She prefers a ſcarlet cloak to a black one; and contemns her loving huſband, purely becauſe he has not nobility as well as wealth and merit; ſo this couple agree but indifferently.

On the contrary, no married pair ever paſſed the firſt year more delightfully than Grand-Pre and his lovely Mermanda; inſomuch that their deportment towards each other met the applauſe of all, Hautefelia alone excepted. Her ſiſter in law's reputation and proſperity are daggers in her heart, and ſhe ſeriouſly begins to ſtudy means how ſhe may eclipſe her glory. She recollects, that Baron Betanford, whoſe ſeat lay not

not far from Auxone, was intimate with her brother Grand-Pre, as alſo that this Baron had lately done her two diſcourteſies; one, in buying a jewel, for which ſhe had offered money; the other, in retaining a little dog of her's, picked up by his page. So, breathing nothing but revenge, ſhe hopes to give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and to wreak her vengeance at once both on the Baron and Mermanda.

In order thereto, ſhe diſpatches a ſervant to Grand-Pre, at their father's ſeat near Auxone, with a letter, wherein ſhe deſires him to ride over to her, ſhe having a ſecret to reveal of ſuch importance, that ſhe will not truſt it upon paper, and withal to frame ſome excuſe to her huſband, for his ſudden coming.

Grand-Pre rode to Dijon, where he is welcomed by his brother-in-law and ſiſter. Supper ended, they all three walked in the garden, and had ſome general diſcourſe; when being conducted to his chamber, Mallery wiſhing him good repoſe, departs, and Hautefelia informs him "That ſhe knows of a certainty, that Baron Betanford is much too familiar with his wife, Mermanda, which ſhe could not but diſcloſe to him, becauſe his honor is hers." Such is his amazement, that he ſtands awhile like one ſtupified. The next moment he becomes like one raving mad: he ſtorms, ſtamps, throws himſelf now on the bed, then on the floor, and had not Hautefelia prevented it, he would have fallen on his ſword. But now, more through policy than charity, ſhe uſes many perſuaſions, and brings him ſomewhat to his ſenſes: ſo they conclude to keep the affair inviolably ſecret; withal Grand-Pre vows to be ſeverely revenged on the adulterers.

In the morning earlier than his accuſtomed hour, he riſes; takes leave, and rides home.

Mermanda

Mermanda runs to meet him, finds him ſad, enquires the cauſe; intreats him, that if any miſchance has befallen him, ſhe may participate, and as ſhe was wont to do, proffers to kiſs him. But he puts her from him; whereat ſhe is amazed, as not being uſed to ſuch treatment. After ſupper, he takes a few turns in the court-yard, and then ſends a page to call his lady. Fluctuating between hope and deſpair, ſhe comes immediately. He aſks her, if ſhe will walk with him? She anſwers, "His will ſhall ever be her's, and that ſhe is ready to wait on him, whereſoever he pleaſes." He conducts her to a ſolitary grove, and there, with fury in his countenance, and thunder on his tongue, charges her with diſloyalty with Baron Betanford.

Poor Mermanda, pierced to the heart ſinks down into a ſwoon, from which her huſband has much ado to recover her. Being come to herſelf, ſhe, with many ſighs and tears, invokes heaven and earth to witneſs, ſolemnly proteſting, that ſhe is wholly innocent; and that in particular, Baron Betanford had never made the leaſt attempt upon her, or even opened his mouth to make any ſuch diſhonorable motion.

Grand-Pre, weighing her words, behaviour, and bitter agony, gives credit to all ſhe ſaid. He begs her to pardon him, vows he will love her more than ever, and bury the very memory of all this in perpetual oblivion.

But yet Mermanda foreſees that if the Baron ſhould viſit her huſband as uſual, that gentleman's preſence muſt needs revive his jealouſy. She therefore writes to Baron Betanford a requeſt, to refrain his viſits.

[*To be continued.*]

INGRATITUDE.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wise, powerful and good Prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded by a beautiful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table; was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to the high honor of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed. His heart glowed not with gratitude and respect? he avoided the sight of his benefactor, and abused his bounty.

I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation! it is your own picture, which I have drawn, replied Euphronius. The great potentate of heaven and earth have placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order and magnificence; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind, as give you full dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field: and he has invited you to hold communion with himself, and to exalt your nature, by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze, over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the sovereign disposer of all good: and you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

Reader, art not thou the man?

STRICTURES

STRICTURES on the MANNERS of the AGE,

From the CENTAUR.

[*Continued from page* 604.]

HE thinks, that heaven's donations imply in them ſome transfer to the public, they think they imply a transfer of the public homage to themſelves. Inſtead of imagining his grandeur to be a demand on the public for its homage, he looks on it as the public's demand on him for bounty, and patronage, of which he has erected ſuch proud promiſes; and by them raiſed ſo juſt an expectation. He thinks that their riches how ſtrangely ſoever it may ſound, run them in debt; and that not to benefit, is to defraud.

His humility is equal to his magnificence; and as magnificence with humility ſpeaks more regard for others than himſelf, it eſcapes envy, and inſures general applauſe. Their pride defeats their magnificence, and robs it of that applauſe, which is its ſingle aim; for it is a great authority which tells us, "That pride is a tree which eats up its own fruit."

He knows (what they conſider not), that ſplendid ſuperiorities cannot be neutral, with regard to the characters of thoſe who poſſeſs them; that, therefore, men poſſeſs them at their peril; that they muſt degrade, if they do not exalt them. That heaven, which in ſpite of different ranks, levels happineſs, deſigned it as the peculiar curſe of the great (if they deſerve it) to be leſſened by grandeur, and illuſtriouſly diſgraced. That, if apes, and crocodiles, men hurtful, or ridiculous, inhabit ſuperb piles, they muſt deſpair of being worſhipped; though but through vain and keen appetite for public incenſe, they never had been built.

You

You see in how many points these men fall short of Eusebius in pleasure from expence; which, notwithstanding, is an article on which they pique themselves not a little. And give me leave to subjoin one more particular which will affect them less than the former, though it ought to affect them most of all: his wealth has subterranean channels; blesses unseen: and costs the relieved neither blushes nor thanks. Not one prison have they opened; not one tear have they dried; which might speak in their favor, when their own begins to flow. The sorrows we have relieved are the surest support in our own. The best that can be said of their expences, is, that they are an unwilling encomium on those of your friend.

Sensual, of all our pleasures are the meanest; how low must a soul celestial stoop for them? Yet these, our thirsty spunges of sensuality, who suck up every drop of it, in or out of their way, though they take up the dirt, with it, prefer to all the rest. And in these, if in any, they will venture to dispute his superiority. But, for reasons, some already mentioned; more, most obvious, he is their superior in these. In pleasures intellectual, how far are they behind him? and then the moral, they are all his own. It is one of their minute, and meagre pleasures, professedly to decline them, and these are the supreme. Moral pleasures, though faintly (in this imperfect state), yet truly taste of heaven; and what is more, insure that heaven of which they taste. And what an inestimable superiority is this? He that can think of death undismayed, has more enjoyment, even in distress, than they in triumph, with every vain amusement turning reason out of doors, lest it should wound them with one whisper of the grave. On how many melancholy occasions in life should we be glad of an asylum to which to fly?

How

How ſhould we be tranſported with a thought that had infallible comfort in it? And that thought can be but one; and that one, it is the conſtant aim, labour, nay boaſt, of theſe wiſe men to deſtroy.

Euſebius's love of pleaſure is equal to theirs; whence then his vaſt inequality of happineſs? He commands his pleaſures; ſome he cultivates; ſome he admits cautiouſly; others ſends bluſhing away. Their pleaſures domineer; ſcout them away on the vileſt errands; bids them throw their patrimony in the dirt of Proſtitution, or debauch, or dungeon them in midnight dens of fraud and deſtruction; and command them to whirl it away with a loſing card; or ſtamp it to nothing with a deſperate dye. What ſcaffolds of fatal execution are thoſe guilty boards, where moments determine on fortunes for life; and rage, and diſtraction threaten ruin eternal?

From this thraldom to their pleaſures, this wretched impotence of heart, it is that while he has but one, and that a moſt gracious Maſter, they have as many tyrants as there are follies, and vices, in the world. Ten times a day they change their Pharaoh; and why? Becauſe his wages are ſo poor. They have it, indeed, in their power to change their maſter, but not to break their chain.

The Romans once pretended that they had a golden ſhield which fell from heaven. to ſecure it from theft, they laid it up among eleven others made of braſs. This expedient had been unneceſſary againſt their wiſdom. They run away by choice with the eleven counterfeits; with a multitude of falſe, ineffectual pleaſures, and leave the celeſtial, as of no value, to men of leſs underſtanding.——Virtue, the delight of Euſebius, is a celeſtial ſhield againſt every evil of human

life. Their pleaſures are rather ſwords, that pierce through with many ſorrows.

The contraſt, how ſtrong! Their pleaſures die in fruition, and are remembred with regret. His ſurvive the preſent actual enjoyment, and are as ſweet in retroſpect, as in hand. Theirs leſſen on repetition; his increaſe: theirs create, and aggravate calamities; his avert moſt, and alleviate the reſt: theirs haſtens death, and heighten its horrors; his owe their perfection to his final hour, after having heightened, and lengthened all the bleſſings of life. And what a wretch is that happineſs, and what an ideot that wiſdom, that can offer no comfort in the days of darkneſs, and the hours of death? In a word, their wretched joys flouriſh, like diſmal weeping willows watered by a ditch: poor the figure they make; flux and obſcene the ground on which they ſtand: his flouriſh, like cedars of Libanus, from the fountains of heaven; and are rooted in a rock; the rock of his ſalvation.

It is this ſuperior ground on which he ſtands, which imparts that inimitable ſweetneſs of air, aſpect, and deportment, which marks him among multitudes of the gaieſt, for the gay. They, like things gilt, have much to ſhew; much more to hide; are all darkneſs within. He, like a diamond, is tranſparent, and ſhines at heart. He looks, as if virtue, according to the wiſh of ſome ſages, was at laſt become viſible, and ſhone through him; in perſon, not precept, making a viſit to mankind: and man is mended by looking on him.

Now, pleaſe, Sir, to obſerve, to what an aſtoniſhing degree that intellectual darkneſs, mentioned in my former letter, prevails in theſe men, that would outſhine all the world. What is their chief boaſt? Why this

this, that they make the moſt of this life. Whereas the very fundamental difference between them, and Euſebius, is, that they make nothing of this world, becauſe they deſign to make their all of it. He makes much of this world, becauſe he holds it as little; becauſe ever having the ſentiments, without the terrors of a death-bed, he never cuts off this life from the thoughts of the next; but ſees his whole exiſtence in one unbroken thread before him.

[*To be continued.*]

ESSAY on the CHARACTER of DR. JOHNSON, By ARTHUR MURPHY, Eſq.

[*Concluded from page* 596.]

HE darts his lightning, and rolls his thunder, in the cauſe of virtue and piety. The language ſeems to fall ſhort of his ideas; he pours along, familiarizing the terms of philoſophy, with bold inverſions and ſonorous periods; but we may apply to him what Pope has ſaid of Homer: "It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it; like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe."

The Eſſays written by Johnſon in the Adventurer may be called a continuation of the Rambler. The Idler, in order to be conſiſtent with the aſſumed character, is written with abated vigour, in a ſtyle of eaſe and unlaboured elegance. It is the Odyſſey after the Iliad. Intenſe thinking would not become the Idler. The firſt number preſents a well-drawn portrait of an Idler, and from that character no deviation could be made

made. Accordingly, Johnſon forgets his auſtere manner, and plays us into ſenſe. He ſtill continues his lectures of human life, but he adverts to common occurrences, and is often content with the topic of the day. An advertiſement in the beginning of the firſt volume informs us, that twelve entire eſſays were a contribution from different hands. One of theſe, No. 33, is the journal of a Senior Fellow at Cambridge, but as Johnſon, being himſelf an original thinker, always revolted from ſervile imitation, he has printed the piece, with an apology, importing that the journal of a citizen in the Spectator almoſt precluded the attempt of any ſubſequent writer. This account of the Idler may be cloſed, after obſerving, that the author's mother being buried on the 23d of January, 1759, there is an admirable paper, occaſioned by that event, on Saturday the 24th of the ſame month, No. 41. The reader, if he pleaſes, may compare it with another fine paper in the Rambler, No. 54, on the conviction that ruſhes on the mind at the bed of a dying friend.

"Raſſelas, ſays Sir John Hawkins, "is a ſpecimen of our language ſcarcely to be paralleled: it is written in a ſtyle refined to a degree of immaculate purity, and diſplays the whole force of turgid eloquence." One cannot but ſmile at this encomium. Raſſelas is undoubtedly both elegant and ſublime. It is a view of human life, diſplayed, it muſt be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depreſſed, at the time, by the approaching diſſolution of his mother, darkened the picture. A tale, that ſhould keep curioſity awake by the artifice of unexpected incidents, was not the deſign of a mind pregnant with better things. He who reads the heads of the chapters, will find, that it is not a courſe of adventures that invites him forward, but a diſcuſſion of intereſting queſtions; Reflections on human life; the Hiſtory of Imlac, the

Man

Man of Learning; a Diſſertation upon Poetry; the Character of a wiſe and happy Man, who diſcourſes with energy on the government of the paſſions, and on a ſudden when death deprives him of his daughter, forgets all his maxims of wiſdom and the elegance that adorned them, yielding to the ſtroke of affliction with all the vehemence of the bittereſt anguiſh. It is by pictures of life, and profound moral reflection, that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work. The Hiſtory of the Mad Aſtronomer, who imagines that, for five years, he poſſeſſed the regulation of the weather, and that the ſun paſſed from tropic to tropic by his direction, repreſents in ſtriking colours the ſad effects of a diſtempered imagination. It becomes the more affecting, when we recollect that it proceeds from one who ſays emphatically, "Of the uncertainties of our preſent ſtate, the moſt dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reaſon." The enquiry into the cauſe of madneſs, and the dangerous prevalence of imagination, till, in time, ſome particular train of ideas fixes the attention, and the mind recurs conſtantly to the favorite conception, is carried on in a ſtrain of acute obſervation; but it leaves us room to think, that the author was tranſcribing from his own apprehenſions The diſcourſe on the nature of the ſoul gives us all that philoſophy knows, not without a tincture of ſuperſtition. It is remarkable that the vanity of human purſuits was about the ſame time, the ſubject that employed both Johnſon and Voltaire; but Candide is the work of a lively imagination, and Raſſelas, with all its ſplendor of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture. It ſhould however be remembered, that the world has known the weeping as well as the laughing philoſopher.

We come now to the lives of the Poets, a work undertaken at the age of ſeventy, yet the moſt brilliant, and

and certainly the moſt popular of all our author's writings. For this performance he needed little preparation. Attentive always to the hiſtory of letters, and by his own natural bias fond of Biography, he was the more willing to embrace the propoſition of the booksellers. He was verſed in the whole body of Engliſh poetry, and his rules of criticiſm were ſettled with preciſion. The diſſertation, in the life of Cowley, on the metaphyſical poets of the laſt century, has the attraction of novelty as well as ſound obſervation. The writers who followed Dr. Donne, went in queſt of ſomething better than truth and nature. As Sancho ſays in Don Quixote, they wanted better bread than is made with wheat. They took pains to bewilder themſelves, and were ingenious for no other purpoſe than to err. In Johnſon's review of Cowley's works, falſe wit is detected in all its ſhapes, and the Gothic taſte for glittering conceits, and far fetched alluſions, is exploded, never, it is hoped, to revive again.

An author, who has publiſhed his obſervations on the life and writings of Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of the Lives of the Poets, ſays, "Theſe compoſitions, abounding in ſtrong and acute remark, and with many fine and even ſublime paſſages, have unqueſtionably gre rit; but if they be regarded merely as containing narrations of the lives, delineations of the characters, and ſtrictures of the ſeveral authors, they are far from being always to be depended on." He adds, "The characters are ſometimes partial, and there is ſometimes too much malignity of miſrepreſentation, to which, perhaps, may be joined no inconſiderable portion of erroneous criticiſm." The ſeveral clauſes of this cenſure deſerve to be anſwered fully, if the limits of this Eſſay would permit.

thoughts

Thoughts on the Influence of SOLITUDE *upon the Heart,*
By M. ZIMMERMANN.

[*Continued from page* 600.]

TO acquire that happy tranquility which men may expect to find in Solitude, it is not ſufficient to regard every object that preſents itſelf to their view with ſupineneſs or ſurpriſe. He who, without employment, without having a plan of conduct previouſly digeſted and arranged, hopes for happineſs in Solitude, will find himſelf to yawn at his cottage in the country juſt as often as he did at his manſion in town, and would do much better to employ himſelf in hewing wood the whole day, than to loiter about in boots and ſpurs. But he who, living in the moſt profound Solitude, keeps himſelf continually employed, will acquire, by means of labour, true tranquility and happineſs.

Petrach would have found this tranquility in his Solitude at Vaucluſe, but that his heart ſighed ſo inceſſantly for his beloved Laura. He was, however, perfectly acquainted with the art of vanquiſhing himſelf. "I riſe," ſaid he, "at midnight; I go out by break of day. I ſtudy in the fields, as well as in my chamber. I read, I write, I think. I endeavour to conquer the leaſt diſpoſition to indolence, and drive away ſleep, effeminacy, and ſenſuality. I traverſe from morning till night, the barren mountains, the humid vallies and the deep caverns. I walk, accompanied only by my cares, along the banks of my river. I do not meet a man to ſeduce me from my path; men daily become leſs annoying to me; for I place them either far before or much behind me. I moralize on the paſt, and deliberate on the future. I have found an excellent expedient to induce a ſepartion from the world. I attach myſelf to the place of my reſidence; and I am perſuaded

perſuaded that I could form that attachment in any place except at Avignon. In my preſent reſidence at Vaucluſe, I find Athens, Rome, or Florence, according as the maaners of the one or the other beſt pleaſes the diſpoſition of my mind. Here I enjoy all my friends, as well thoſe with whom I have lived, as thoſe who have entered the vale of death before me, and whom I only know by their good works."

When we are thus reſolved, and find reſources like theſe within our minds, Solitude enables us to accompliſh whatever we pleaſe. Petrach, however, was not inclined to improve the opportunities which Solitude afforded, becauſe he was in love: his heart therefore was a ſtranger to repoſe; and repoſe is certainly, as Lavater has obſerved, the means of being always happy, and of doing every thing well.

Employment will produce content in the moſt frightful deſerts. The Dairo of Japan baniſhes the grandees of the empire who incur his diſpleaſure into the iſland of Fatſiſio. The ſhores of this iſland, which was formerly inhabited, are of a ſurprizing height. It has no haven, is entirely barren, and its acceſs ſo difficult, that the exiles and their proviſions are obliged to be landed by means of cranes. The ſole employment of theſe unhappy men in this melancholy reſidence, is to manufacture ſilk-ſtuffs and gold-tiſſues, which are ſo highly beautiful, that they are not ſuffered to be purchaſed by ſtrangers. I confeſs, that I ſhould hot like to fall under the diſpleaſure of the Emperor of Japan; but I nevertheleſs conceive, that there is more internal tranquility in the iſland of Fatſiſio than in the boſoms of the Emperor and his whole court.

Every thing which conveys a ſpark of comfort to the ſoul of man, ſhould be anxiouſly preſerved; but without ſeeking to raiſe an eternal flame, it is only neceſſary

ceſſary to take care that the laſt ſpark be not extinguiſhed. It is by this means, that we acquire in the country that quietude which flies the tumults of the town, and thoſe advantages of which the worldly minded have no idea.

What epicure ever enjoyed ſo much ſatisfaction in the midſt of all his ſplendid entertainments, as Rouſſeau experienced in his frugal repaſts! "I returned ſlowly home," ſays he, "my mind in ſome degree fatigued, but with a contented heart I experience, on my return, the moſt agreeable relief, in reſigning myſelf to the impreſſion of objects, without exerciſing my thoughts, indulging my imagination, or doing any thing but feeling the peace and happineſs of my ſituation. I find my cloth ready ſpread on my table on my lawn. I eat my ſupper with appetite in the company of my little family. No trace of ſervitude or dependance interrupts the love and kindneſs by which we are united: my dog himſelf is my friend, and not my ſlave: we have always the ſame inclinations; but he has never obeyed me. My gaiety through the whole evening teſtified that I had lived alone all the day: I was very different when I had ſeen company; I was ſeldom contented with others, and never with myſelf; and at night ſat either grumbling or ſilent. This remark is my houſekeeper's; and ſince ſhe mentioned it to me, I have found it invariably true from my own obſervations. At length, after having taken a few turns in my garden, or ſung ſome air to the muſic of my ſpinnet, I experience upon my pillow a repoſe both of body and mind a hundred times more ſweet than ſleep itſelf."

Nature and a tranquil heart are to the Divinity a more beautiful and magnificent temple than the church of St. Peter at Rome, or the cathedral of St. Paul in London. The moſt ſavage deſart is filled with the

immenſity of the Almighty, and his preſence ſanctifies the ſolitary hill upon which a pure and peaceful heart offers up its ſacrifice to him. He reads the heart of all his creatures; he every where hears the prayers of thoſe whoſe invocations are ſincere. Whether we riſe, or whether we deſcend, we do not find a grain of duſt that is not filled with his ſpirit. But there are no places which inſpire ideas more religious than thoſe happy ſcites which, uniting the moſt ſublime and beautiful appearances of nature, raviſh the heart, and impreſs it with thoſe voluptuous ſenſations which excite in the mind the ſentiments of love, admiration, and repoſe.

I never recal to my memory without feeling the ſofteſt emotions, the ſublime and magnificent ſcene which I enjoyed in the year 1775, when, during a fine day, accompanied by my friend Lavater, I aſcended the terrace of the houſe he then inhabited, the houſe in which he was born aud educated. In whatever direction I turned my eyes, whether walking or ſitting, I experienced nearly the ſame ſenſation which Brydone deſcribes himſelf to have felt upon the top of Ætna. I included in one view the city of Zurich, the ſmiling country which ſurrounds it, its tranquil and expanded lake, the high mountains, covered with froſt and ſnow, lifting their majeſtic heads to Heaven. A divine tranquility ſurrounded me while I beheld this ſcene.

Upon this terrace I diſcovered the cauſe of his ſtill cheriſhing with ſuch unfeigned tenderneſs his implacable enemies, thoſe learned critics of Zurich whoſe rage the ſound of his name was ſufficient to excite, who felt with the greateſt repugnance every thing that was praiſe-worthy in his character, and expoſed with the higheſt feelings of joy thoſe foibles and defects from which no man is entirely free, who could not liſten without fury when thoſe merits which he evidently poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed were praiſed, or the demerits which they are unable to prove were extenuated; who rejected with averſion all the truths which appeared to be in his favor, and eagerly liſtened, with an air of triumph, to all the calumnies which tended to his diſhonor; who are humbled by his glory, as much as they can poſſibly be degraded by their own infamy; and who have the accompliſhment of his diſgrace as much at heart as their own perſonal advantage; in whoſe breaſts Lavater's happineſs becomes a ſource of miſery, and his misfortunes a fountain of joy, who affect ſilence on the virtues they are conſcious he poſſeſſes, and loudly aggravate defects which they induſtriouſly circulate by every poſſible means, rather indeed to their own injury, than to his diſgrace, for by theſe means they frequently increaſe the glory which they ſeek to extinguiſh; who inſidiouſly deſire the impartial ſtranger to ſee the man, and judge for himſelf; and have uniformly the mortification of perceiving that Lavater is found to poſſeſs a character diametrically oppoſite to that which the envenomed tongues and pens of his enemies at Zurich have repreſented.

At the village of Richterſwyl, a few leagues from Zurich, in a ſituation ſtill more delicious and ſerene than even that of Lavater, ſurrounded by every object the moſt ſmiling, beautiful, and ſublime that Swiſſerland preſents, dwells a celebrated phyſician. His ſoul is as tranquil and ſublime as the ſcene of nature which ſurrounds him. His habitation is the temple of health, friendſhip, and every peaceful virtue. The village is ſituated on the borders of the Lake, at a place where two projecting points of land form a natural bay of nearly half a league. On the oppoſite ſhores, the Lake, which is not quite a league in extent, is incloſed from the north to the eaſt by pleaſant hills, covered with vine-leaves, intermixed with fertile meadows, orchards

chards, fields, groves, and thickets, with little villages, churches, villas, and cottages, ſcattered up and down the ſcene.

[*To be continued.*]

REFLECTIONS ON THE OCEAN.

THIS day for the firſt time in my life, I have ſeen the ocean, where old Neptune of the ancients, who have depicted him armed with a trident, wounds the ſides of the earth—The image is certainly juſt; the ocean ſeems to be the deſpot of the globe. Notwithſtanding this unknown ſtrength that breaks the fury of its waves againſt the ſands on the ſhore, it appears, at certain intervals, it has impetuouſly ſurmounted its limits, the traces of which are ſtill eaſy to be known: —they are imprinted in the minds of men, the terror of ancient diſaſters, well founded by an uninterrupted tradition, and by viſible traces of profound ruins and devaſtations, which are ſpread over the ſurface of the earth. At firſt ſight, it appears dreadfully rent on all ſides by the terrible element which preys upon, undermines, ſweeps away ſeveral parts, and ſwallows up in its abyſs, at different periods, more or leſs remote ſpaces of land which ſupported towns, and ſometimes kingdoms. It is, in a manner only a weak cruſt that covers the large ſhell or timber-work of the globe; it is torn to pieces by volcanos like a weak roof, and from the crevices the fire has opened, torrents pour forth their inundations, and cauſe thoſe enormous large breaches which dig hollows for gulphs and lakes, where the majeſtic foundations of mountains before reſted; their ſunken tops are transformed to iſlands, where a a ſcanty verdure replaces the ſnow-capp'd ſummits.

But

But it is the eye only that views ages as inſtants, that can reckon the ſudden revolutions the globe has undergone. The equilibrium of water could not ſupport itſelf on a moving theatre, perpetually hurled from weſt to eaſt, and influenced beſides by the motion of the heavenly bodies. As ſlow as ages, this motion has not eſcaped the modern ſagacity of man. The earth has a viſible tendency to rectify its axis, which has undoubtedly been diſordered by ſome ancient revolution :—the activity of all thoſe great bodies ſurrounding and inceſſantly preſſing upon it, muſt diſplace the ocean, and ſucceſſively impel its billows over all the points they can cover.

Can we, then, wonder if the proud elephant, who baſks under the magnificent ſhades of Aſia, has left his remains in the now frozen deſerts of Siberia?—Mountains exhibit petrified fiſh, and ſhells which preſerve their colour and ſhades;—ſandy deſarts preſent us traces of maritime towns; in a word, whole foreſts have been buried under ſtrata of ſtone, which time has formed over their tops. All inform us, the ocean as ſovereign, diſpoſes of this earth as his dominion, over which he exerts at will his inevitable right. The hand of the bold Hollander, which has repelled the tyranny of the ocean, will not, alas! always be able to keep this furious deſpot within bounds. Oh! direful day, when its dikes will be levelled, when this magnificent, vigilant, laborious, wiſe, economical republic, will diſappear from the face of the earth; when the billows will eraze the moſt glorious monument of courage and induſtry! Avert this period, Divine providence! But if the eternal laws thou haſt ordained cannot paſs without their effect, at leaſt ſuſpend them, and delay this deſtructive irruption.

The phyſical laws have an unſurmountable force in their

their progreſſion; what extraordinary and rapid effects would not this immenſe collection of waters have, when the diſſolving power, a power no leſt active, is joined to its maſs of weight.

Can the ocean, which is always on a balance, remain in a ſtagnated inactivity? It muſt inceſſantly waſh away our clay, and its greedy boſom ſeems to demand all the riches of the earth; the outlines of mountains alſo ſeem to tell us, here flowed that fluid which girt us with an equal preſſure. Every thing preſents to our ſight traces of the eternal combat of two rival elements, which yet are made to be united.

You have ſeen the devaſtation the ocean makes, let us turn our eyes to its good offices. The band of mankind renders all climates tributary to each other for their reſpective gifts. Two diſtant worlds are blended together;—the waves ſeem to waſh indiſcriminately every coaſt, and roll on every ſhore, only to invite man to truſt to their fluctuation, which will convey him in the twinkling of an eye to the oppoſite ſhore.—Again, contemplate the boldeſt, the moſt aſtoniſhing work of the daring genius of man, the moving bridge, the veſſel, the ſounding axe conſtructed in the port. At ſight of this frail machine, we are aſtoniſhed how they dare encounter all the dangers that await them on this perfidious element;—yet they will conquer it,—they will ſubdue the ſurge that threatens to ſwallow them, and the wind that threatens to daſh them on the ſhoals; they will manage thoſe deſtructive elements, the one by ſkilfully trimming their ſails, the other by the ingenious ſhape of their machine. The Leviathan, organized by nature to dwell in the ſea, does not ſeem to be more powerful in the ocean, than the inanimate machine guided by the weak hand of man.

He

He flies victorious over the deep in as much ſecurity as the chariot that rolls on the ſolid level land.

But what preparations are neceſſary before ſhe is maſted, rigged, and fit to go to ſea? The flag is hoiſted; how much knowledge is required to ſhape the courſe! Is there under heaven a more intereſting ſight, and that places the dignity of man in a higher point of view!

If the philoſopher regrets ſeeing ſo ſuperb a ſtructure ſo frequently uſed for the purpoſe of covetouſneſs, and to carry fetters to the moſt diſtant regions, let him remember man's meanneſs accompanies his greatneſs. In order to conſole him, let him only fancy this veſſel crouded with a number of public ſpirited men, led by the deſire of new diſcoveries, looking out for a new world and unknown regions, only to aggrandize the influence of knowledge; that he ſees philoſophers viſiting a new people, ſurprized at the aſtoniſhing ſtructure, and carrying to ſhores ſcarce thought of, the conſolatory arts; bringing back in exchange new and ſingular ideas, which aſtoniſh our moral ſyſtems, and derange thoſe with which we are moſt familiarized.

If, on a reviſion of the diſaſters occaſioned by the active maſs of the ocean, one was aſked, how it happens ſo many ſcourges ſhould be reunited againſt the habitation of man, where he dwells but for an inſtant; how nature is ſubjected to thoſe violent extremities which tend to the deſtruction of the ancient generation of her children; how the human ſpecies ſubſiſt after thoſe pending ravages, and how often they have been renewed from theſe ruins; finally, how an entire globe, peopled with twelve hundred millions of ſenſible, thinking beings, depend on the brutal action of the elements of which he is the ſport; Pope will anſwer,

a bubble

a bubble of water that burſts, a world deſtroyed, are equal to the eye that ſees all.—Where does this globe fall? Into the hand that created it.

An Extract from an Account of the Pelew Iſlands, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Henry Wilſon.

[*Continued from page* 585.]

THE Malay ſome time after coming on ſhore from a canoe, ſaid there was bad news; that he had heard "that a cutlaſs had been given to one who was almoſt a ſtranger, whilſt the king's brothers, who had been with the Engliſh all the time on the iſland, had never had any thing of ſuch conſequence given them." On this hint Captain Wilſon offered each of the king's brothers a remnant of cloth, which they both received very coolly. He preſented them afterwards with white long cloth and ſome ribbands, but ſtill not a ſmile appeared on their faces; by which the Captain perceived that this was not what they wanted.———The event diſtreſſed our people much; they had doubts whether this apparent coolneſs might ariſe from their having given the cutlaſs to the Chief Miniſter, or whether they had been put out of humour at the indelicacy of this perſon, in having imprudently laid the Engliſh under the neceſſity of gratifying him in a requeſt, which ſituated as they were, they muſt have been under difficulties to refuſe.

In the afternoon the Malay informed Captain Wilſon, that the king was come round into the bay, being on his return to Pelew, and if he wanted to take leave of him he muſt go off to his canoe. The Captain accordingly went in the jolly-boat, having with him

Tom

Tom Roſe, his linguiſt, and four other men. The meeting was, to his great ſurpriſe, very cool on the king's part, of courſe reſerved on that of his own; far unlike, indeed that undiſguiſed openneſs which marked the interview of the preceding day —It was not eaſy to ſuppoſe what was the real cauſe, which ſpread this viſible dejection over them.—Never perhaps was exhibited a nobler ſtruggle of native delicacy: their hearts burn within them to aſk a favor, which the generoſity of their feelings would not allow them to mention.—The Engliſh had been and ſtill were in their power: they had ſought their protection as unfortunate ſtrangers. The natives had already ſhewn them, and ſtill meant to ſhew them, every mark of hoſpitality which their naked, unproductive country could afford.—They conceived what they wiſhed to aſk, as it might prove a temporary inconvenience, would look ungenerous; and that which moſt checked their ſpeaking was, that, circumſtanced as the Engliſh were with reſpect to them, a requeſt would have the appearance of a command; an idea this, which ſhocked their ſenſibility.

The matter they laboured with was, in their opinions, of the higheſt imaginable conſequence to them. The king had probably talked it over with his brothers the preceding day, had deliberated on it in the evening at the back of the iſland, and came to the cove this day determined to propoſe it, but when there, wanted reſolution to make it known; yet the object being ſo important, he felt unwilling to leave it in ſilence, and perhaps conceived that he could better diſcloſe it from his canoe, than when ſurrounded by ſo many Engliſh. After much apparent ſtruggle in the king's mind, the requeſt with great difficulty was at laſt made, and proved to be this :—that the king being in a few days going to battle againſt an iſland that had done him an injury, he wiſhed Captain Wilſon would permit four

or five of his men to accompany him to war with their muſquets. Captain Wilſon inſtantly replied, that the Engliſh were as his own people, and that the enemies of the king were their enemies. The interpreter certainly very well tranſlated this declaration, for in an inſtant every countenance, which was before overſhadowed, became brightened and gay. The king ſaid he ſhould want the men in five days, by which time his own people would be prepared for battle, and that he would take them down to Pelew with him the next day. Thus was harmony reſtored between our people and the natives; interrupted only for a few hours, from no other cauſe than that extreme delicacy of ſentiment, which no one would have expected to have found in regions ſo disjoined from the reſt of the world.

The king came in the forenoon of the following day for the men who had been promiſed him; and the Chiefs took each, one of them in their canoes; our men being dreſſed in blue jackets, cocked hats, with blue cockades, and properly prepared with arms and ammunition. The king made but a ſhort ſtay; he ſaid he ſhould leave four of his own men with our people; that they were ſuch as might be truſted; that the expedition would be over in four days; and that all imaginable care ſhould be taken of the men who were to attend him.

All arangements being now ſettled, each went to his new department, and worked till dark, at which time all were ſummoned to the great tent, where Captain Wilſon read prayers; it being the requeſt of every one to join in paying unitedly their thankſgivings to that Supreme Being, who had not only ſo providentially preſerved them, but whoſe goodneſs now relieved their drooping ſpirits, by ſpreading before them a hope of their being once more reſtored to their country and families,

families. Each bringing with him a mind impreſſed with theſe reflections, never were prayers more devoutly or ardently offered up. And after they were over, it was ordered, that public prayers ſhould on no Sunday evening be omitted.

Auguſt 18. Agreeable to the regulations made the preceding day, the boatſwain called all hands to their ſeparate labours, except ſuch as were employed in the boats. It was judged expedient to form a barricade in front of the tents towards the ſea; this was doneby driving a double row of ſtrong poſts, interlaced with branches of trees, to form a thick fence, the ſpace between the two rows of ſtakes being filled with logs of wood, ſtones, and ſand, to render it as ſolid as poſſible. On the inſide was raiſed a foot-bank, on which they could ſtand and fire, in caſe of being attacked, with an opening left for one of the ſix-pounders, which it was intended ſhould be got from the ſhip the firſt opportunity, and placed there. They alſo mounted their two ſwivels (which were large ones) on the ſtumps of two trees that had been ſawed down, in ſuch a manner that they might be pointed in every neceſſary direction.

Our boats in their ſeveral trips, having got as much plank and ſtores as were judged to be ſufficient for their preſent wants, all hands were employed about the veſſel, and in felling timber. The gunner, with other aſſiſtants, got the ſix-pounder mounted on a carriage, and ſpunged and ſcaled, fit for ſervice, which was then fixed in the opening of the barricade prepared for it, ſo as to command the entrance of the cove. This day a ſmall ſpring of water was diſcovered in the harbour.

Auguſt

August 25. The whole attention of our people was beſtowed on the variety of buſineſs neceſſary to the advancement of the veſſel. As the boats ware going off this day to the ſhip, they ſaw four canoes, full of men, coming towards the harbour from the ſouthward; and as our people underſtood thoſe iſlands were at variance with the king of Pelew, the boats returned, and ſoon after theſe canoes came aſhore; thoſe who were in them landed, with great marks of timidity and caution; they ſeemed (as far as we could interpret their ſigns) to intimate a deſire to look round the cove, and were probably induced to take a view of the new-arrived creatures, thrown upon this iſland. There was among them a Rupack, who was judged by the kind of bone on his arm, to be of an inferior order; but the linguiſt being abſent, it was impoſſible to diſcover who they were. Captain Wilſon conducted them round the cove, and ſhewed them the works which were begun. They remained on ſhore little more than an hour, and appeared greatly ſatisfied; departing full of acknowledgments for the civilities which had been ſhewn them, neither they nor their attendants pilfering, or aſking for any thing.

[*To be continued.*]

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

BEDLAM.

WHERE proud Auguſta, bleſt with long repoſe,
Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark ſhows:
Cloſe by a verdant plain, with graceful height,
A ſtately fabric riſes to the ſight.

Yet tho' its parts all elegantly ſhine,
And ſweet proportion crowns the whole deſign,
Tho' art, in ſtrong expreſſive ſculpture ſhown,
Conſummate art informs the breathing ſtone;
Far other views than theſe within appear,
And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
For ever from the echoing roof rebounds
A dreadful din of het'rogen'ous ſounds;
From this, from that, from every quarter riſe
Loud ſhouts, and ſullen groans, and doleful cries;
Heart-ſoft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter ſhock the ear.
Thus, when in ſome fair human form we find
The luſts all rampant, and the reaſon blind,
Griev'd we behold ſuch beauty giv'n in vain,
And nature's faireſt work ſurvey with pain.
Within the chambers which this dome contains.
In all her frantic forms diſtraction reigns;
For when the ſenſe from various objects brings,
Through organs craz'd, the images of things;
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endleſs ſwarms crowd in upon the brain:
The cheated reaſon true and falſe confounds,
And forms her notions from fantaſtic grounds.
Then, if the blood impetuous ſwells the veins,
And choler in the conſtitution reigns,
Outrag'ous fury ſtraight inflames the ſoul,
Quick beats the pulſe, and fierce the eye-balls roll;
Rattl'ing his chains the wretch all raving lies,
And roars, and foams, and earth and heav'n defies.
Not ſo, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
And lumpiſh phlegm the thicken'd maſs congeals:
All lifeleſs then is the poor patient found,
And ſits for ever moping on the ground;
His active pow'rs their uſes all forego,
Nor ſenſes, tongue, nor limbs their functions know:
In melancholy loſt, the vital flame
Informs, and juſt informs the liſtleſs frame.

If briſk the circulating tides advance,
And nimble ſpirits through the fibres dance,
Then all the images delightful riſe,
The tickled fancy ſparkles thro' the eyes;
The mortal, all to mirth and joy reſign'd,
In ev'ry geſture ſhews his freakiſh mind;
Frolic, and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,
And plays ten thouſand gambols in an hour.
Now ent'ring in, my muſe, thy theme purſue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.
Within this lonely lodge, in ſolemn port,
A ſhiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,
And far and wide, as boundleſs thought can ſtray,
Extends a vain imaginary ſway:
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexiſting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of ſtate,
The darling glories of the envi'd great,
Riſe to his view, and in his fancy ſwell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majeſtic through the throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)
And cheaply bleſt, and innocently vain.
Enjoys the dear deluſion of his brain,
In this ſmall ſpot expatiates unconfin'd,
Supreme of monarchs, firſt of human kind.
Such joyful ecſtaſy as this poſſeſt
On ſome triumphal day great Ceazars breaſt;
Great Ceazars ſcarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The worlds proud victor, Rome's imperial lord,
With all his glories in their utmoſt height,
And all his pow'r diſplay'd before his ſight;
Uunnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.
With laurell'd enſigns glitr'ring from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conq'ring legions march behind the golden car:

Whilſt ſhouts on ſhouts from gather'd nations riſe,
And endleſs acclamations rend the ſkies.
For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with raid ſpeed his reſtleſs arms.
From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,
Nor taſted quiet, nor contentment knew;
But ſpread wild ravage all the world abroad,
The plague of nations and the ſcourge of God.

Poor Chloe—whom yon little cell contains
Of broken vows and faithleſs man complains:
Her heaving boſom ſpeaks her inward woe,
Her tears in melancholy ſilence flow.
Yet ſtill her fond deſires tumultuous riſe,
Melt her ſad ſoul, and languiſh in her eyes;
And form her wild ideas as they rove,
To all the tender images of love:
And ſtill ſhe ſooths and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
Falſe as he is, ſtill, ſtill ſhe loves her ſwain,
To hopeleſs paſſion yields her heart a prey;
And ſighs, and ſings the live-long hours away.
So mourns th' impriſon'd lark his hapleſs fate,
In love's ſoft paſſion raviſh'd from his mate,
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his cage,
And moans and drops, with pining grief oppreſt,
Whilſt ſweet complainings warble from his breaſt.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice reſign'd,
'Midſt gather'd ſcraps, and ſhreds, and rags confin'd,
His riches theſe---for theſe he rakes and ſpares,
Theſe rack his boſom, theſe engroſs his cares;
O'er theſe he broods for ever void of reſt,
And hugs the ſneaking paſſion of his breaſt.
See, from himſelf the ſordid niggard ſteals,
Reſerves large ſcantlings from his ſlender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
And ſtarves his carcaſe to increaſe his hoards,
Till to huge heaps the treaſur'd offals ſwell,
And ſtink in ev'ry corner of his cell.

And thus with wond'rous wiſdom he purveys,
Againſt contingent want and rainy days;
And ſcorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their morſel and enjoy their ſtore.
Behold a ſage! immers'd in thought profound;
For ſcience he, for various ſkill renown'd.
At no mean end his ſpeculations aim,
(Vile pelf he ſcorns, nor covets empty fame)
The public good, the welfare of mankind
Employ the gen'rous labour of his mind.
For this his rich imagination teems,
With rare inventions, and important ſchemes;
All day his cloſe attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight ſlumber to his eyes:
Content if this his toilſome ſtudies crown,
And for the world's repoſe neglects his own.
All nature's ſecret cauſes he explores,
The laws of motion, and mechanic pow'rs:
Hence e'en the elements his art obey,
O'er earth and fire, he ſpreads his wond'rous ſway,
And thro' the liquid ſky, and o'er the wat'ry way.
Hence ever pregnant with ſome vaſt deſign,
He drains the moorland, or he ſinks the mine,
Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,
Or ſtops the roaring torrents of the main;
Forc'd up by fire he bids the waters riſe,
And points his courſe reverted to the ſkies.
His ready fancy ſtill ſupplies the means,
Forges his tools and fixes his machines,
Erects his ſluices, and his mounds ſuſtains,
And whirls perpetual wind-mills in his brains.
All problems has his lively thought ſubdu'd,
Meaſur'd the ſtars and found the longitude.
And ſquar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd:
The grand arcanum once he had attain'd,
Had quite attain'd but that a pipkin broke,
And all his golden hopes expir'd in ſmoke.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]